

Weak Over-worked Women

Who are broken down and made invalids by the drudgery of never ending household cares and duties, or by over-frequent bearing and nursing of children, and many other cares, burdens and strains which the weaker sex have to bear, are deserving of profound sympathy. But while sympathy is commendable what these unfortunate women most need is a good, honest, square-deal Restorative Tonic and Strength-giving Nervine and Regulator—one compounded and carefully adapted to act in harmony with woman's peculiar, delicate, ever sensitive organization.

Who so well fitted to select, carefully proportion the ingredients and compound a remedy for the cure of these distressing and often pain-wracking weaknesses and derangements, as the carefully and thoroughly educated and regularly graduated physician who has had a long and successful experience in treating just this class of cases.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

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THE ONE REMEDY Now, and for over 40 years, sold by druggists for Woman's Peculiar Weaknesses, and Distressing Affections, gotten up by one having all of the above qualifications.

THE ONE REMEDY which absolutely contains neither alcohol (which to most Women is rank poison) nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

THE ONE REMEDY which is so perfect in its composition and so good in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient, as they do, on its outside wrapper, verifying the same under solemn oath.

In all the above most important particulars, the "Favorite Prescription" stands absolutely alone—in a class all by itself—as woman's most reliable and trust-worthy remedy in time of sickness and distress. It is a pure glyceric extract made from American curative roots, found by long time experience most valuable in curing woman's weaknesses and derangements. The leaders in all schools of medical practice have endorsed each of its ingredients as of the best known remedies for the complicated affections for which it is recommended. These professional endorsements should count for far more than any number of lay testimonials. A booklet full of them sent free on receipt of name and address.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Market Report.

Corrected March 23, 1911.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 15c per pound.
Country bacon, 15c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.50 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 12½c per pound.
Country hams, 18c per pound.
Irish potatoes, 90c per bushel.
Northern eating Burbank potatoes, 90c per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes 90c per bushel.
Potatoes, Irish, 25c. peek.
Sweet potatoes, \$2.00 per bushel.
Yellow eating onions, \$1.50 per bushel.
Red eating onions, \$1.50 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.20 per bushel.
Cabbage, New 5 and 10 cents a head.
Dried Lima beans, 9c per pound.
Country dried apples, 10c per pound.
Country dried peaches, 10c per pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs 20c per doz.
Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.
Bananas, 20c and 25c doz.
New York State apples \$7.50 to \$8.00 per barrel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound.
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 3c per pound; live turkeys, 16½c per pound.
Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5½.
Fresh country eggs, 13 cents per dozen.
Fresh country butter 25c lb.

A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$17 00
No. 1 timothy hay, \$20 00
No. 2 timothy hay, \$20 00
Choice clover hay, \$14 00
No. 1 clover hay, \$14 00
No. 2 clover hay, \$12 00
Clean, bright straw hay, \$6.00
Alfalfa hay, \$16 00
White seed oats, 42c
Black seed oats, 40c
Mixed seed oats, 41c
No. 2 white corn, 50c
No. 2 mixed corn, 50c
Winter wheat bran, \$22.00.
Chops, \$3.50.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.
Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers.

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.
Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4½; No. 2, 4c.

Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c. medium, tub washed, 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed, 18c to 23c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Round Trip Excursion Fares

To Los Angeles, San Diego and Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Wash., Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, B. C.

The Illinois Central will sell round-trip tickets to the above named points at the rates given below for the round trip.

Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego, Cal. \$72.50. Dates of sale April 18, 19, 20, Final limit June 30th 1911, also May 12, 13, 14th final limit July 31st, 1911.

Portland, Astoria, Oregon, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Wash., Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, B. C., \$82.00. Dates of sale May 29, 30, 31, 1911; final limit July 31st, 1911.

T. L. MORROW, Agent.

Annual Conclave, Knights

Templar of Kentucky.

Lexington, Ky., May 16, 18, 1911. The Illinois Central will sell round-trip tickets to Lexington, Ky., account the above occasion at the rate of \$7.78 for the round-trip. Dates of sale. May 16, 17 and 18, 1911.

Final limit. Tickets good returning to reach original starting point not later than midnight of May 20, 1911.

T. L. MORROW, Agent.

Homeseekers'

Excursion fares to points in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, Utah, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Arizona, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mexico, New Mexico, Wyoming. The Illinois Central will sell round-trip homeseekers excursion tickets to points in the above named states every first and 3rd Tuesday at very reasonably reduced rates. For further information call on, write or phone ticket agent Illinois Central, Comb. 45-2.

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Up Through the Dawn

By TEMPLE BAILEY

They were both very tired. The woman's face was white, and her loosened hair blew untidily about her temples.

"Can't we rest?" she asked.

The man set his bag at the foot of a rock, then unfolding a great plaid rug he made a seat for her.

"If you could sleep a little," he suggested.

She shook her head. "I can't—I think and think."

His lips were set in a stern line. "That is one more burden I have added to the others. I have taken from you your lightheartedness."

She clung to him. "Don't—I didn't mean to reproach."

"I know—but if there were any way to let you out of this."

She was sobbing wildly.

"But there isn't, it must always be 'Whither thou goest,' Alec."

He soothed her rough hair for a moment in silence. Then he said: "At least, I have this great happiness, that you care to be with me, Margaret."

"Did you think—that I would leave you?"

"I didn't know. Yours has been such a butterfly life."

"Then I have gained this out of our troubles, that—I am all yours."

"Yes."

He drew a corner of the rug about her shoulders, shielding her from the cool, damp breeze of the early morning.

"Yes," he repeated, "it has been a great thing to know that when failure came you believed in me; that when disgrace came you trusted me. Yet—there is a whole life beyond this, Margaret."

"What of that?"

"You have never known hardship, and we shall be very poor."

Half timidly she laid her hand on his. "I don't know just how to say it, but somehow I feel it is going to bring us nearer together. In that big house it seemed to me that we were always separated. Even when we were alone at dinner there were the servants and the formal service. There was never anything I could do for you. You were always doing things for me—but my hands were tied. I—I felt useless. But now it will be different."

His face did not brighten. "I have no faith in such a future for you," he said. "It is dear of you to tell me such things. I know you want to believe them of yourself and of me, but no woman raised as you have been can come down to the hard realities of life and be happy. I don't expect it, and sometimes I feel that I ought to think out some other way."

Her startled eyes looked up at him. "What way?"

"I ought to let you go back to your own people," slowly, "and fight it out alone."

"Oh," her voice was shaken by deep feeling. "Last night when you came to me and told me that the decision of the court had gone against you; that you had lost your heart, your pride, your self-respect, that the world would call you dishonest, although you had not been dishonest in intention, that you wanted to drop out of everything, I said that we would go away at once, and find some quiet spot where we could be hidden, and you seemed so glad to have—me go with you."

Her voice faltered. "And now you want to send me back."

"Only for your good."

She cried a little, softly, in his arms. "I shall be happy," she whispered.

"I hope you may," but his voice was dead.

The rose red of the eastern sky had turned to gold and the world was flooded with radiance.

"There is a house over there," the man said, "behind that clump of hawthorn. We will go and ask for coffee."

In her long traveling coat with her velvet hat hiding her hair, she made an incongruous figure on the country road. The little feet in the high-heeled shoes were better fitted for a city boulevard.

"But I'm not hungry," she protested.

The small house, as they drew nearer, showed itself weather-beaten gray. A yellow cat sunned herself on the stone walk, and there was a row of shining milk pans on a side

porch. As they crossed the road the cat came down to meet them, purring a welcome. Margaret stooped and lifted her in her arms. "You pretty thing," she said. "Thus they went up the walk together."

An old man opened the door. He dragged one foot and carried a cane. He started; then smiled. "Come in," he said, heartily.

"If we might have breakfast," Alec said, "we would be glad to pay for it. We left the train at Rosedale and I think we've wandered somewhat out of our way."

"Come in," the old man said again; "you are welcome to such as we have. You're from the city, I reckon."

"Yes," Alec replied, absently.

He was watching Margaret. She had taken off her hat and the cat was playing with the loosened strands of hair. "Oh, you poor little child," was his heart's cry.

"I'll go out and get Letty," said the old man. "She'll have things ready in a minute."

The woman who came back with him was as old as he, but stronger and fresher. She had a brisk way with her and a cordiality that put them at once at their ease.

"You like my pussy?" she said to Margaret. "He's the descendant of one I found here when I came, 20 years ago."

"Twenty years?" Alec asked, sharply. "Have you lived here 20 years?"

"Aren't you lonely?"

"Oh, no, I have him." Her eyes rested on her husband.

Alec drew a quick breath. "But don't you need other people?"

She shook her head. "I am too busy. I have my garden and house, and he can't do much."

As she placed their plates she laid at her husband's place a pink rosebud. When she had bustled out again the old man displayed it proudly.

"Every morning for 20 years," he told them, "she has put a flower there. In winter she raises them in pots, but she never misses."

"Think of it," Margaret said to her husband later, as they walked in



"Did You Notice That He Said Grace Before Meat, Margaret?"

the garden. "Think of finding romance here. I would never have dared put a flower at your place with the butler looking on."

"Did you notice," her husband hesitated, "did you notice that he said grace before meat, Margaret? Somehow I wish that we had done that—all our lives."

"Yes," she whispered.

They came to the well at the end of the garden, and she set a pitcher, which she had carried, on the mossy ledge.

"And when I was in the other room with her, Alec, she told me why they came here 20 years ago—I think it was because I couldn't help telling her a little of our troubles—how we had run away from the world—she was so dear and sympathetic. She said that many years ago he—drank. But that he always loved her. So she made up her mind that she could do without anybody and everybody if she could save him, and she has saved him, Alec. And she hasn't cared if she lost the whole world—and had him." Her voice broke and she hid her eyes against his shoulder.

For a moment he stood looking down at her in silence. Then he asked, and all the still morning seemed to listen for her answer, "Is it so with you, Margaret? Are women made like that?"

She raised her head and her eyes met his steadily. "I'm not sure," she said, "and I'm not very wise, but oh! if you will only let me try, Alec."

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